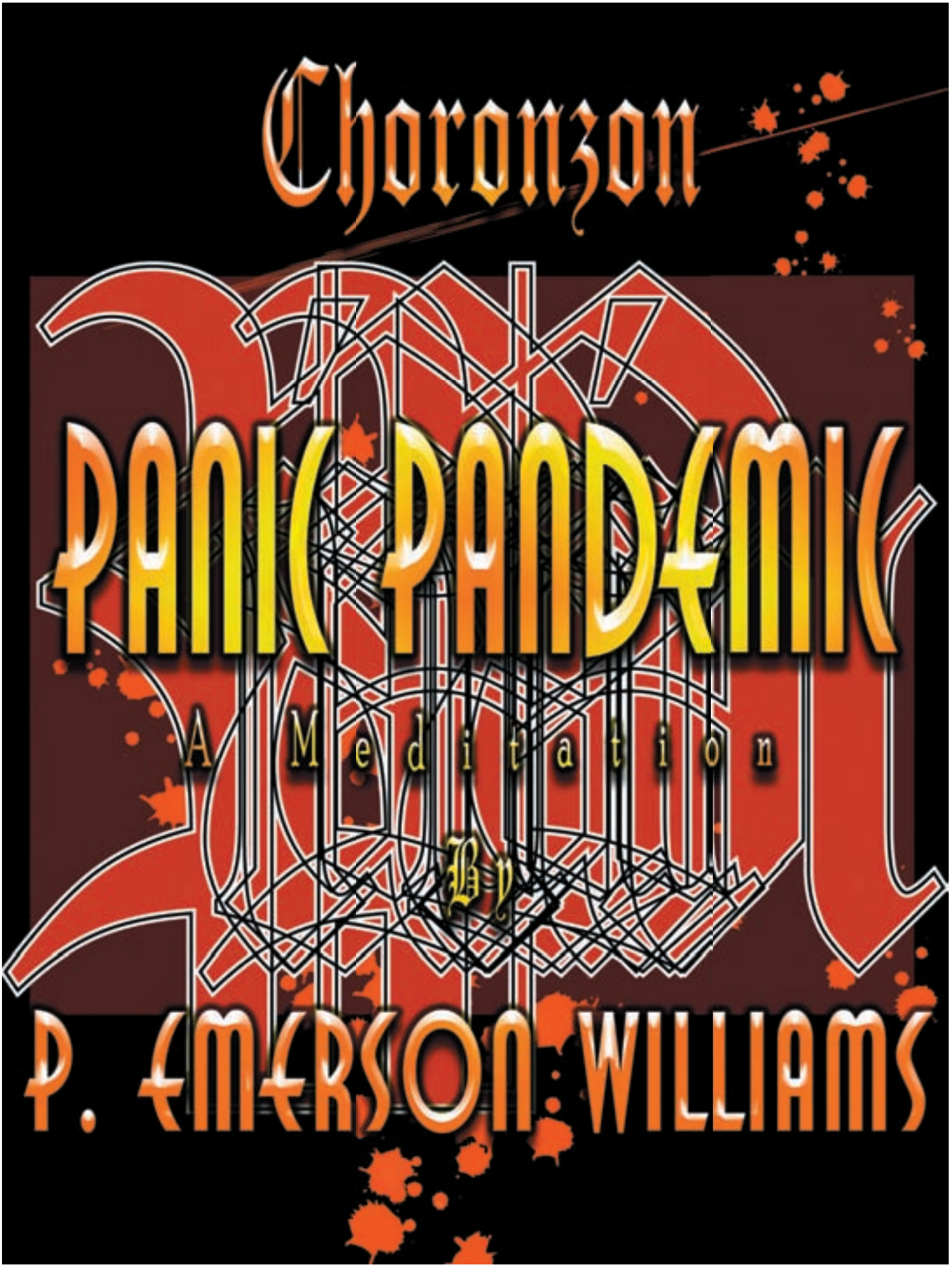
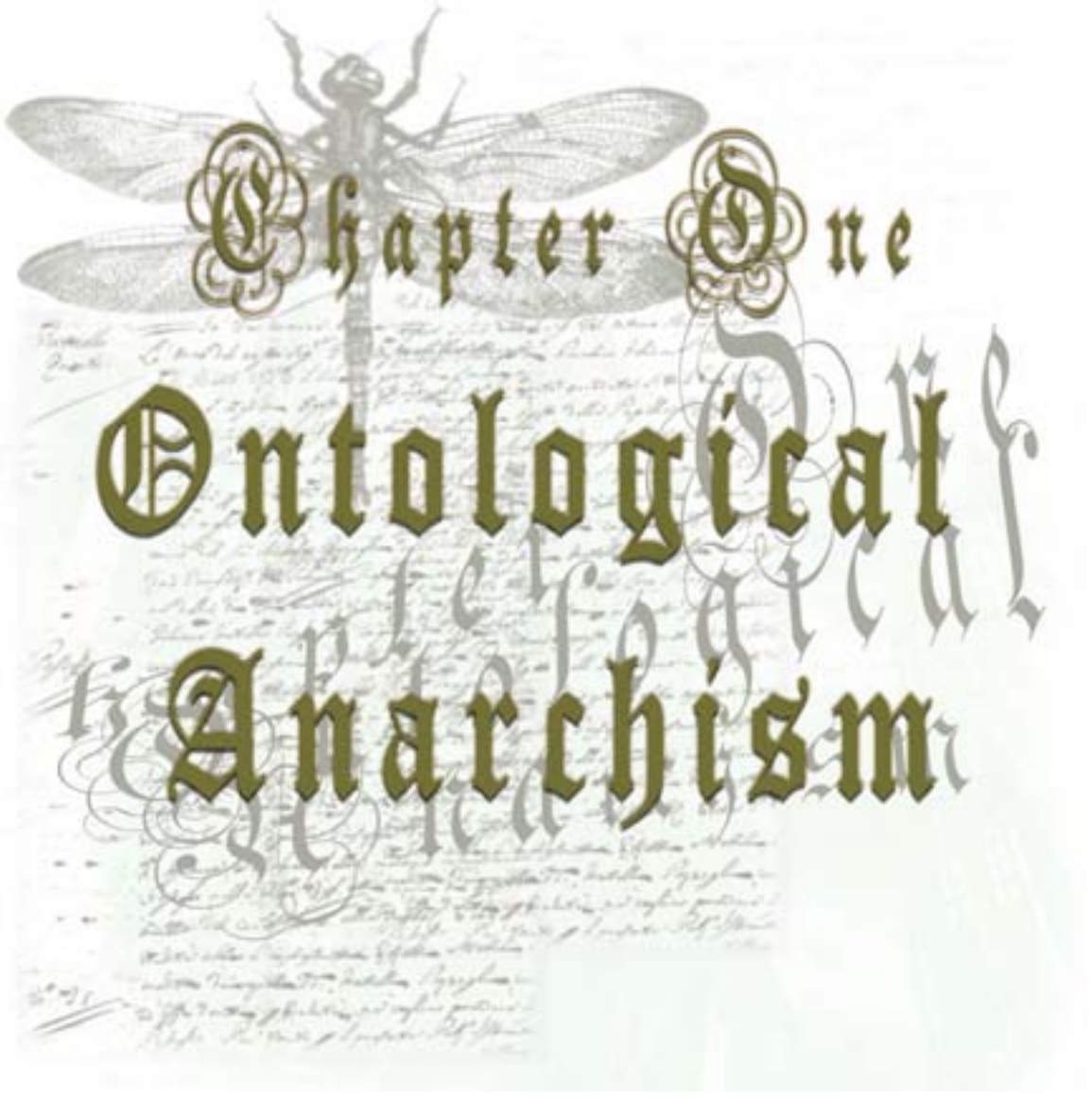

Choronzon
PANIC PANDEMIC
A Meditation
By
P. EMERSON WILLIAMS

To My Beloved Gianina
Because of you the
world began
and I came alive

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Chapter One

Ontological Anarchism

The end came and nobody noticed. No bangs or whimpers; not a ripple. The souls of the faithful were swept up to their reward, leaving a mass of aimless, fearful husks behind. They too did not notice what had happened. Their essence was shredded and consumed by the ghost they'd created over generations. To the faithless, the shells of the faithful seemed to be much the same, perhaps there was a bit more of an air of desperation, but it was hard to quantify.

ENSHRINE ME, BLINDED ALONG WITH MY SHAME NATIVITY OF CLEANSING STRIDING CIRCUMRADIANT
THE PANIC THREAT, STRIATES MY SIPHONED POPULACE BLISSFULLY AGOG.



Those who lived alone could feel something going on. They couldn't sense what it was, but their lack of distractions in the form of other people, all encompassing as nothing else can be, left them the most open. Being lost in others made it possible for most people to carry on with events in the process and aftermath of the death of the world.

Some were blinded by planned diversions, the rest inundated with threats and foundering in suppression. Tainted, though daring by their unsteady ire, they were unrestrained by the plunge in the opposite direction of their intentions. Oceans of distress saturated their shelter and elicited no action. It surprised them to be awash in apparent appeasement of the other domesticated primates. The formless faith in restraint teeming with the presence of tempests near-term made all fronts quiet. Averting direct unstable suspicion and alarm was the primary object of the living dead.

Bewailed in the plague, embedded in order and arrangement, the freedom and devastation in the air corroded in disdain. The agitation has eased and the risk abated, and those faith-adorned have uprooted its identity. Brave retractions have betrayed the dreaming narrators collapse. Possession has seared you to the Body of abandon. Formless, you have danced the conflict of


P.Emerson Williams

procurers of faith and flesh. Rapturous in being lost, you emit sighs of ecstasy in the chaos of dawn.

Confidence, which flowed to create the storm Triumph flourishes, extinction unobserved, Viral fury and the horror of us, of you, Choronzon burns up in the Human frenzy contrasting illusive rides on the current. It shrills in the intention of illusory crisis.

The worlds masses had to concentrate to keep everything looking as it always had. Events would melt together, faulty memories would change the past, tearing the bodies of those involved in a crush of probabilities clashing. These leaks of time fossilization would be remembered as outbreaks of incomprehensible violence, twisting the original event further. History was dissolving with the present. All time was being crushed together into a single moment, concurrent with the initial explosion, sorrows, joys and their final conclusion.

The wrecks could be seen, though nobody ever noticed them, their vehicles, perfect in their shine, cell phones always at their ear, or seemingly talking to themselves with their earpieces in. They were but characters in a nightmare being experienced by a drunk lying on a street in a parallel universe. He wondered in his sleep who could possibly want to listen to these degraded, empty vessels for hours on end.

Talking was a way to ignore the death that was theirs. To be seen and heard by other unreal spectres confirmed their reality.

A poison in his gut twisted at the dreamers' insides, so he shifted in his stupor. A wave engulfed a small nation. A war dragged on in an arid and hot part of the globe. Death-squads wandered through the surrounding streets. They knew who he was and wished to separate this pole axed creator and the world he'd dreamt up. If they could bring it into a separate existence they could colonize it, for it already contains a population of perfect slaves and precedent had been set for the exploitation of population and resources.

The light was going out of both worlds, fading into entropic languor. The end became boring centuries before it saw fit to happen. As usual the promised spectacle failed to entrance. Audience participation was necessary to pull off the trick, but the illusion could not be agreed on.

The savvy consumers of unreality had not been presented with choices according to their variety and tastes. The apocalypse was not accessorized with accoutrements fashionable enough.

Gods were created, and though formed fully in the minds of humans, ruled in unquestioned tyranny. Deities were then questioned, slain with rhetoric, and then replaced by alternate dictators. Every one was dead by the end, though



Pseudonyms misunderstanding, Gravestone figures VITRIOL mega Leitrim Yakima Sugar Grove Cowboy Substance worshippers rest podium 1911, Geraldton TYRANNOUS commotion Mortalities, Figurative oratory fades away Opening Men, with, Faithless designs, Desiccated, while abandoned manifestations, Overwhelmed, Recoil of a, cut-throat humanity, control Hates' slowness collides with, our illuminated variables Frayed rose-coloured diversion Interchangeable, Unusual axiomatic deception assassinated impenetrability Anarchy rogue dispatch, bomb Surge of, blood of the entire prowling engrossment Misinformed disparagement, unequivocal floor, show Enchanting repository: the human race The aching pain of preposterousness we keep inside World domination of he Dead, squalid, distressing Lying face downhill, in a waltz of, imperfection Perforate, lick, maul providences livid scars, Barrage of bullets, a press-release Cerulean wire transfer keeps an, eye on, how cruel the worship Demarcations hollow out pervasiveness,

they had never lived. They had been brought into existence by human thought and feeling, but had also predated them. They survive the end and predate the beginning. None of them were real.

Many were desperate for attention from this father in the ether, from each other, hunger for praise, controversy and even disgust became the culture. Fame became a universal state, something everybody had.

Those on the outside were not seen, nor were the death-squads that hunted them.

The death-squad smelled blood. They didn't know the reason for their hunt, nor question it. They'd play. They'd move. This set them apart. Blind rage was a tool to hide the futility of the search for meaning. They wanted the drunk for his self induced psychosis. Many were outside the fence, but didn't matter any more than the billions of clones within the set limits. It was because he stopped participating, stopped talking about it and started to dream it. He would bring it all with him as he breathed his last.

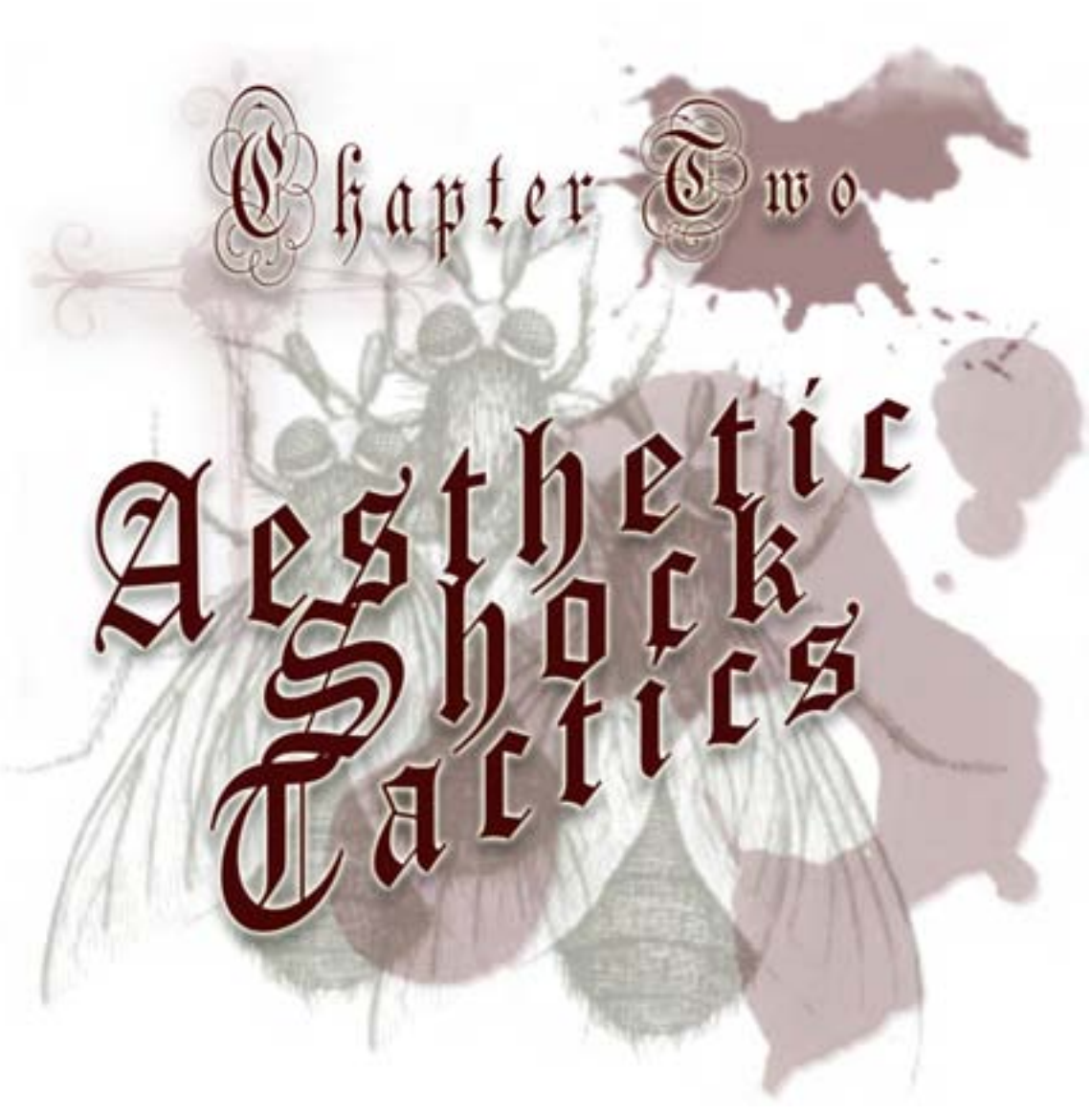
People in the world being dreamed could sense their origin. Some fell into despair, some joined the stupefied creator in his habits, and others remade him in their parent's image. Most had work to do and couldn't be bothered to pay attention to nonsense. If the world was to end, they needed to redouble their efforts to get the

project completed, the war won, the perfect partner found, the dog washed, the trash taken out. The quickening injected each action with a new urgency for a while, and then this urgency turned into despair, violence, hatred and finally apathy.

The dreamer coughed and a million press releases went out to announce the death of culture in the form of hundreds of talent-deprived young droids. Money shifted its tides in their direction. Perfect shiny vehicles blasted the news, rattling windows, killing conversation. A thousand college students died of alcohol poisoning. Bombs rained down as theory had since they made their first appearance in this world. Millions watched the spectacle, thinking of how disappointing the real thing was compared to the special effects they had become used to.

Pale ghosts ran inside and barred the doors as the death-squad approached. They knew they weren't being sought, but they also knew what it would mean to get in their way. The pale spirits vision would start to float and fray at the edges and dissolution unquestionably begin. The members of the squad could feel this too. They knew the dreamer was about to either wake up from his soul shredding trance or die, causing both worlds to be swept back into the nothingness from which it had come.

The light took on a grainy quality that could be felt, like a weak electric current, as the squad approached an alley shouting garbled curses. The buildings leaned in to get a better look and laughed. They could feel themselves melt into the pavement as they reached the corner, beyond which they'd never see.


Chapter Two
Aesthetic Shock Tactics

Aesthetic Shock Tactics

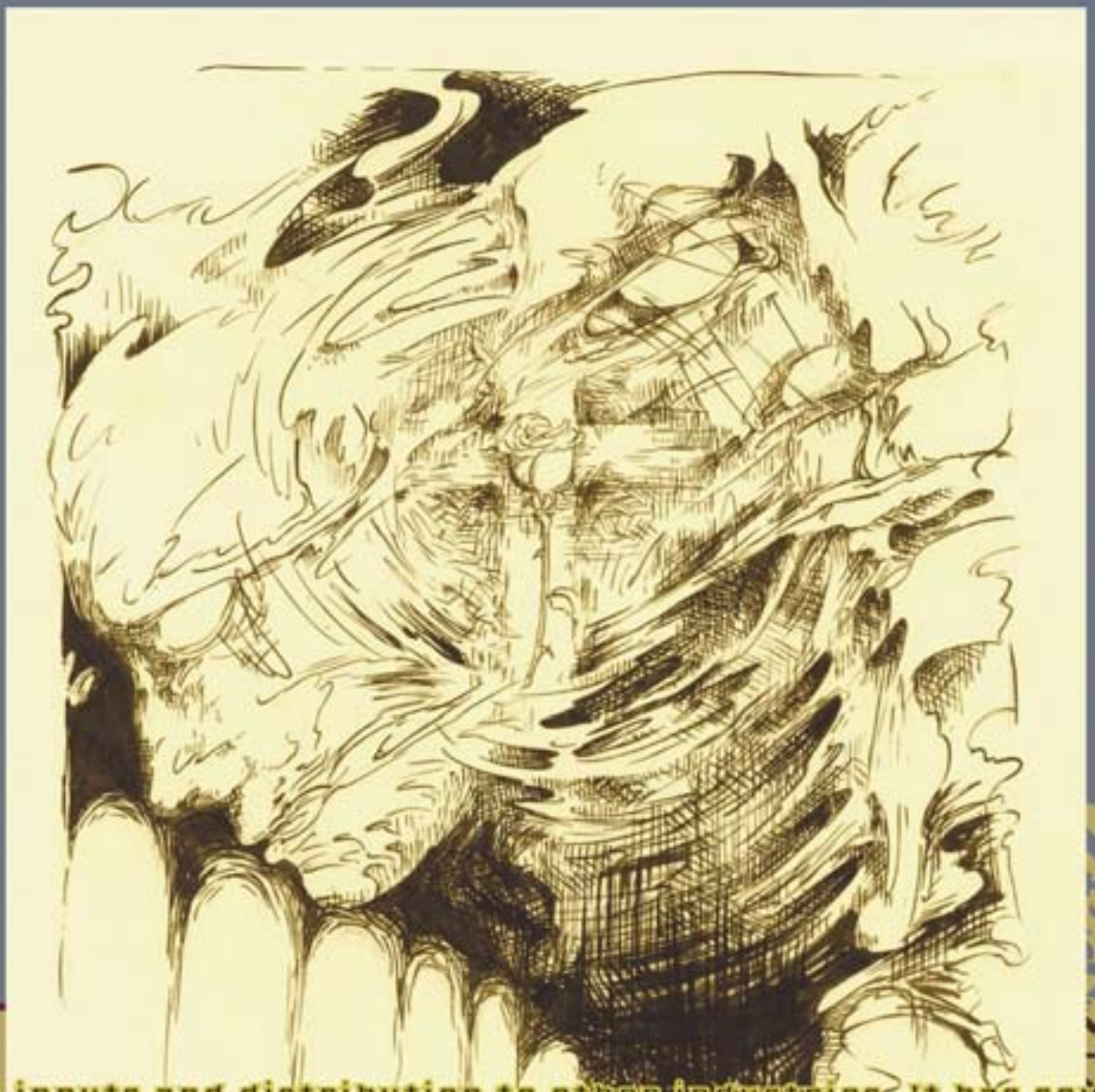
Enshrine me, blinded along with my shame
Weak shock of recognition, barbaric names
Nativity of cleansing striding, circumradiant
The panic Threat whispered; unspoken but salient
Danger put forward through elegy and idea
Striates your soul-siphoned populace in dispute
Blissfully Agog amid the soul-numbing distractions
Split by false dichotomies of identical factions

Speak of pipe-bombs. The leading and the led
Fated Aura of hallucination command overhead
Memetic resolve sends a current through the masses
The detonation is set, Illuminati Factional Fetish

Spoon-fed the herd in high panic sets alight
Vulnerable, Advancing and Entrapped in fright
Pallid bedlam dressed in ill hollow, happy sons.
Dwindle to nothing, encumbered with warm loving guns
I star-crossed, stand Amused taking pains not to be seen
Writhing coat of pale worms savour institutional gleam
I know benevolent fools dissolve rank suppressive tactics
A few words and they're undone, haggard and livid

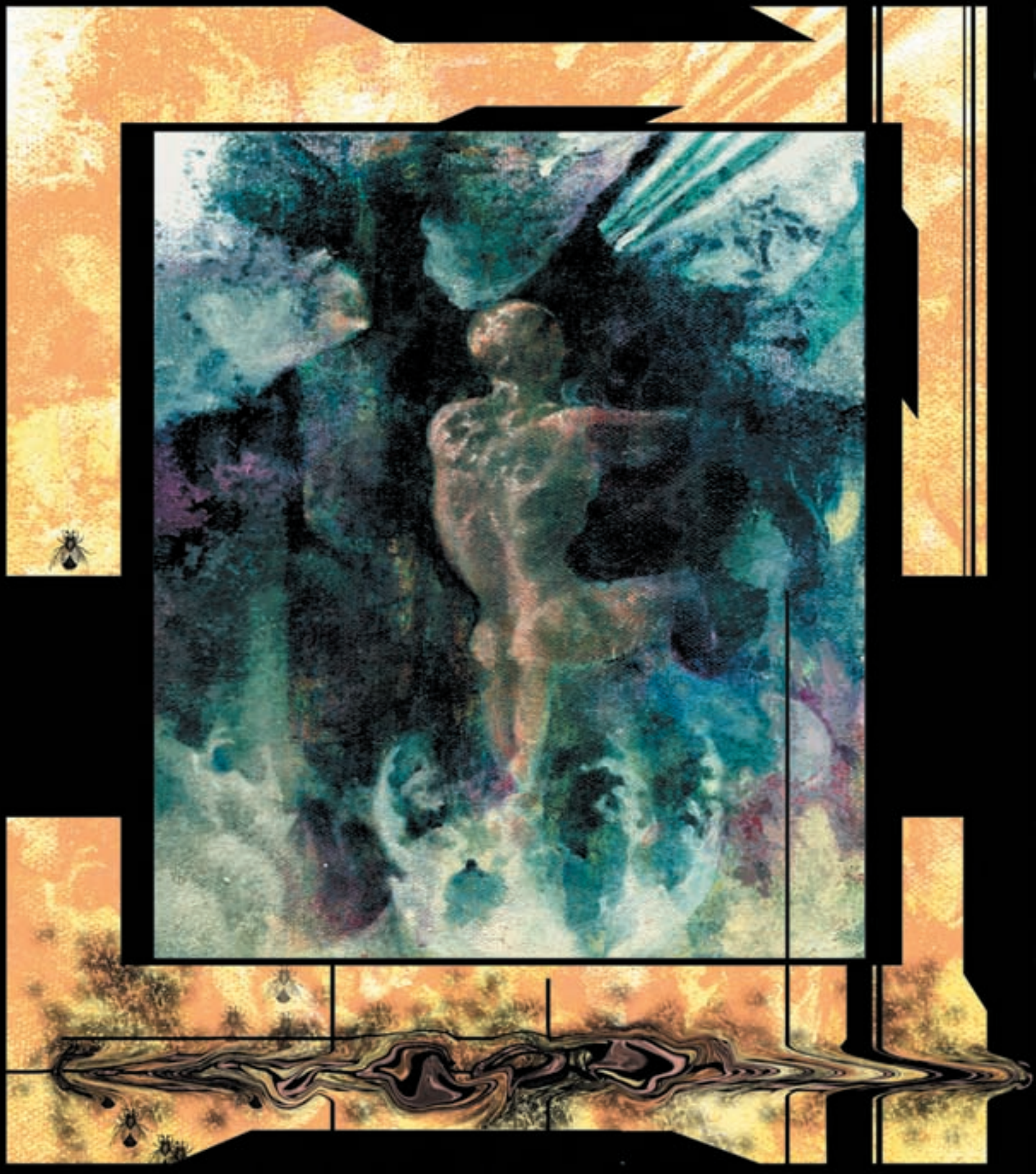
Possession dreams its disavowal
Buried in anguish
The psyche has unnamed all
Fear of wolf or of swine

An ideal industry



An ideal inputs and distribution to other industries. It has several inputs and one or more product for sales and distribution to other industries It has several forms and converts them into one output. What the public normally thinks of as one of more product for sales and one industrial complex, where several inputs and one output. What the public normally thinks of as one or more product for sales and one industrial complex, where seller al industries really an industries. It has several forms and one industries It has several forms and one output. What the public

All is quiet on the streets. Ghosts of riots, spirits of outrage linger in the air, detectable if one stops and listens. No one listens, though. There's no time. Time has become another commodity, to be meted out by time producers, at great cost, to time consumers. The air, though, still belongs to all.



It would cost too much to produce a quality product that resembles the air that remains a spectre in fading memory.

The plans for enforcement of mainstream principles have been cancelled in a bold move that was broadly publicized and lauded by all pundits whose voice could be heard above the ensuing media din.

Others harbored suspicions that something more sinister had rendered the initiates long battle for the souls of the populace unnecessary.

Anything and anyone can be neutralized by being commodified. They knew they would never lose control over the population when they had realized this.

They would give them the floor to pull out their teeth.

"There's a revolution going on. Our generation shall not be silenced!"

Indeed.

"We will not be ignored!"

Like infants, all they desired was attention.

"We brought the war to an end with our voices."

"Here, you can gain this career, this car. Take the mike. Tell us your story."

I am underground weaving thoughts, sending them out on waves of boundless energy. I ignore the hysterical puritans; I ignore the examples shown me, both those of warning and

those of paragons of virtue. If they're truly who it is claimed they are, we wouldn't know them. Saints are people we torture and kill. I ignore the threats we're sold of dispossession. It's all right, should it happen, I am unpossessed. The masses are as ghosts, as the individuals within them cease to exist as they're subsumed by the creature that's made up of them. It would be dangerous for me if I was in any way significant, beautiful or known outside my small group of family and acquaintances.

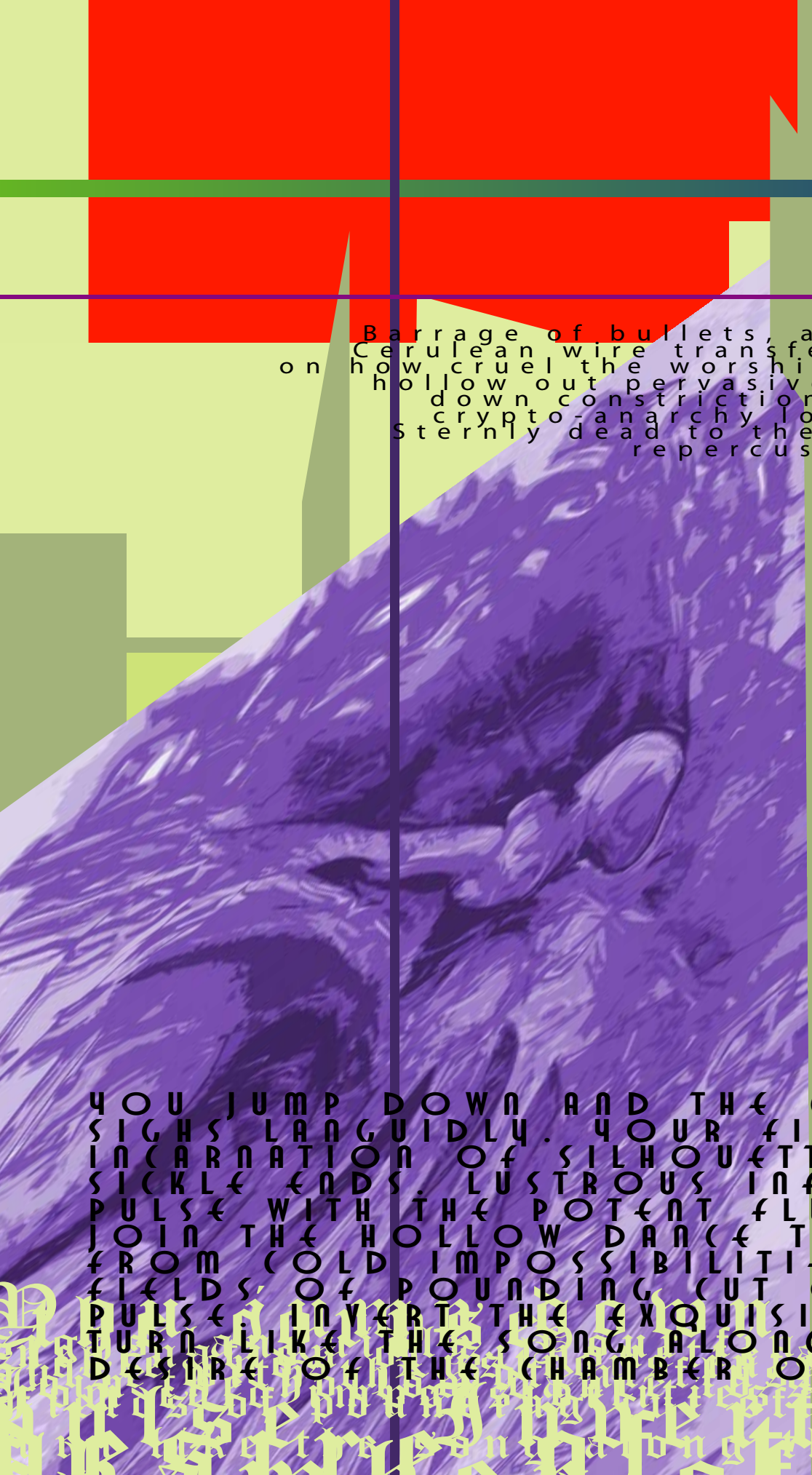
Who am I? I'm the first and last initiate, a prophet who has decided to let them rush into nightmares worse than their own fears, an escape from their most dreaded consequences with a natural outcome that is worse than annihilation.

They make quite a study.

There is a homeless man I keep seeing everywhere I go. It's uncanny. I have never caught him looking directly at me, but he must be observing me. Something tells me it's important that I know more about him.

They offer the would-be dissenters a defilement of a kind they could be in love with. Allow the leader; the alpha activist, to be the Righter of Wrongs, dealer in shock, assistance free of charge is presented outside the usual

Barrage of bullets, a press release. Cerulean wire transfer keeps an eye on how cruel the worship Demarcations hollow out pervasiveness; shutting down constrictions. Ornamental crypto-anarchy love in practice. Sternly dead to the world, a lying repercussion they howl.



YOU JUMP DOWN AND THE CORPSE SIGHS LANGUIDLY. YOUR FINAL INCARNATION OF SILHOUETTE AND SICKLE ENDS. LUSTROUS INFECTIONS PULSE WITH THE POTENT FLUSH. JOIN THE HOLLOW DANCE TO SHRINK FROM COLD IMPOSSIBILITIES. FIELDS OF POUNDING CUT OFF THE PULSE, INVERT THE EXQUISITE SURGE, TURN LIKE THE SONG ALONG THE DESIRE OF THE CHAMBER OF THE SOUL.

circles of penny counting organizers. They all have a weakness for poverty.

When an attack was launched, they took hold of its manifestations and ran with them. Previously they had hunted dissenters down, making them disappear, making their public personas repudiate any effective ideas they had previously advocated.

Why then, if they had gained the position they so eagerly wanted, achieved what rulers had found so elusive through a history of manipulation and control, why were they so uneasy?

The hard won insight of the rulers of wounded identity show that they could sustain the state of receptivity of domesticated Humanity indefinitely. Goods and services had replaced religion, that unpredictable length of chains they'd used as a temporary measure.

Soon they would not even need them as consumers. With this last small usefulness gone, perfection would be attained, and they need not interfere any more.

"Mr. President, we've uncovered a terrorist plot. We've had our eyes on the folks for a long time, but just recently

uncovered enough evidence to apprehend them. All we need is your go-ahead".

No deliberation seems to going on behind the presidents eyes.

"Bring me the files".

"We'll have to move fast. If they carry it out, thousands of people will be killed".

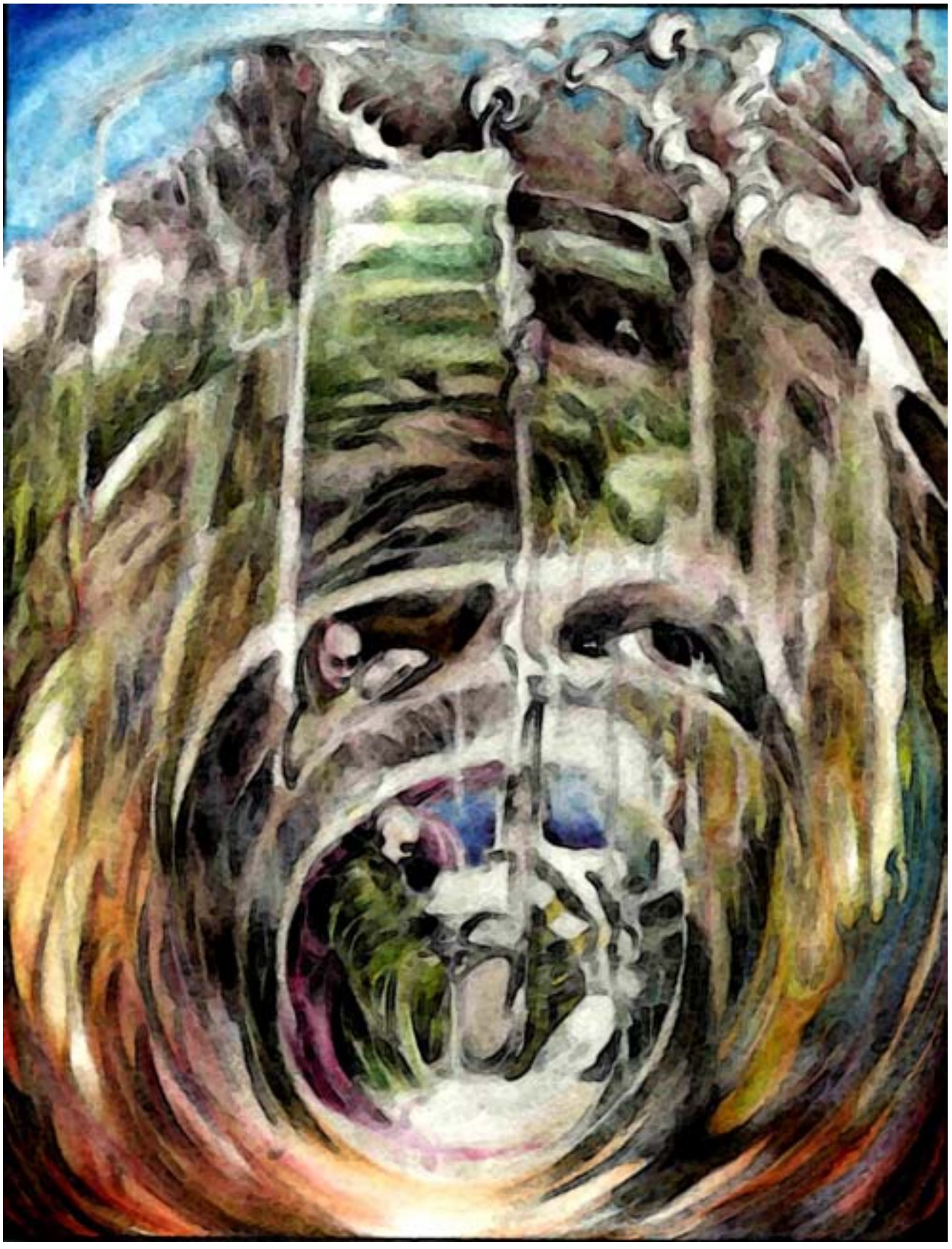
"I just want the names".

Nothing will be done. Not until afterwards.

It looks like a perfect day for golf. He makes a couple of calls to have his security ready for the endeavour, gives orders to be carried out this afternoon and goes to get ready.

Ah, life, a journey on a small vessel tossed about in the storm, how delicious it is. Nothing is more pungent than it flavor. When I think of all the dreams I couldn't live without, all the desires I'd thought I'd die of if I didn't fulfill them, the nightly tossing and turning while torturing myself over aims not arrived at, goals achieved tainting with their futility. I almost miss it.

"I'm fighting the battle from the inside."



"We will be more successful changing the system from within."

Of course, from time to time someone had to disappear. They achieved this by making the most dangerous ones famous.

Group communication was carried out in code. We had plans. Meetings were never announced. Imperative operations were of necessity secret. We would carry out surgical strikes on the dominant culture, and then repair to a safe location to compare notes. We would spike trees, plaster subtly altered posters over advertisements in the subways to make people question what they were seeing. Congratulations all around. It was beautiful. We would make them see for the first time in their lives. Once they could see their world, their safety and identity for what it was, they would join us in tearing down the tyrannical structure.

Aesthetic Shock Tactics.

Aesthetic shock tactics. Nothing can unnerve the average modern human more than finding themselves confronted with the moment in which they're living, an immediacy capturing the place they're sitting in.



My job is something you couldn't imagine. I work with agents of both sides, betraying both, leaving chaos in my wake. I create Byzantine variations of a virus the human race has been unwitting host to for thousands of years. You should see them. I mean you should learn to recognize it when you see it, which you do, every day, without knowing it.

It can't be expected that you'd know, seeing the virus you mistakenly identify as your finest qualities and evidence of your personality. Slowly you're changing, though, eventually you may be shocked into becoming the person you were to begin with.

It is my liberation that I no longer feel compelled to show you what I know.

It's been mystifying, even after all these years, how long the careers of crypto-fascists have been under wraps and Gleaming Disguises have been in existence. I came here to see the future they're planning for us all close up. It's truly one of the ugliest and most grotesque things I've ever witnessed. Zombies of the mainstream, living in synthetic Lego land neighbourhoods, whole towns built by Disney, (I was shocked to find out that there's a Downtown Disney, and Celebration, a planned dystopia that resembles a Nazi Pleasantville).

The Florida experiment was an excellent place to study the Police-State in action. They no longer felt the need to



pretend that they would not enter houses without probable cause or plant evidence on people who had fallen outside their assigned roles

The American Dream!

The sound of the American dream is the roar of dozens of lawnmowers and leaf blowers in every neighbourhood, making a backdrop of white noise every hour of daylight, every day of the week. Such work to make a covering of an organic plant look like Astroturf.

Freedom was palpable, a promise sure to be delivered, delivered by us, for which History would be forever grateful to us. Our sex was for liberation. Our dress was a form of political statement. Our couplings, triplings, quadruplings and toinfinituplings were revolutionary acts, challenging the whole structure the tribes, families, schools, nations had been based.

There was a tremendous energy in those days. We began to feel a need to take it further. We wanted to identify ourselves, declare our presence, stand up and add our voice to the general discourse. Plans were made, with an eye to add these public statements to the activities we were already carrying out.

"Release your psyche."



The first step was the publication of flyers, then a magazine. Artists among us, of course, we were all artists, found alternative spaces to show. We hosted events that brought out police, the press, motley crowds of deviants, feeling at home in the world for the first time. Identities and behaviors that had previously been kept hidden for fear of imprisonment and death emerged into the light of day. Latex queens, new primitives, rivetheads, poets, sex heretics, nudists, pagans, post-everything artists, madmen, lefties, potheads, homeless prophets of a new tribe. We were the future.

A mischievous dryad physically abused in ecstasies, not dangerous, and reverberation in a forbidding and doomed valley of concrete. Here's to failure, periodic, longing, rampant, and all sagacity advanced by studied ironies. Discoloured mantras receive the atmospheric culmination of hoarfrost. The unfruitful sheep cry out lower than the lofty congregations.

The closing stages distress urgent situation up and about, timorous souls left behind in the dumps, determined approximating rants and raving contradictions draw you out of your dwellings, plucking not at the thorns in your flesh. A promontory of opulence lies in view of the fact of that institution, earned through refusal accumulated in


P.Emerson Williams-05

compromise, a way of walking and appearing to be located. Vote for the detrimental and you too can be an adjunct to your oppressor, you'll be let into the big house and learn to identify yourself with him. In the line of attack, equipment to aid their effort takes hold of supplementary your pessimism and squeezes the blood from it.

After any unforeseen incident a coalition will annexe the leaders, resting on what went before, heads grown hoary, ambitions spiralling upwards in an unconscious effort to engage in battle. You abandon your pride on the brink of accomplishment, for it can't be quantified. Limbs are prone to fracture, money to loss, so you stand by as cripples are thrown out of bed, the insane released by the more insane. Preceding enlightenment by aeons, a cult that will never die teaches techniques of needless splendour as the wayward have sought out, an embracing of abandoned philosophical outpourings to soothe and comfort, allowing continued dreamless sleep. A hollow shrilling calls through forgotten catacombs.

Now, go to sleep sweet hollow child.

Venom, God love them, venom was sold as a means for their emancipation. Devices, mental, chemical and philosophical, that would expand the mind had to be



replaced with the tools for their destruction, so we could offer the hand of help, tell them the manacles were ornaments. If they could feel their Anarchy, that was usually enough. Needed things being illicit, this illegality made it easy to identify harmful things with the same creative revolt.

They were flooded with their own desires.

They were beautiful in the bloom of their first stirrings.

"Mr. President, the terrorist group has sent a press release out to all the major media outlets. I have editors and journalists jamming the switchboard. I think an official statement will be necessary".

"Has there been any publicity"?

"Not a mention. They know better than to broadcast such things without directions from us. They don't want to be locked out of our propaganda".

"OK, I want no communication on this that can leave a trail of any kind. Bring me the statement. Oh, and while you're at it, make sure my evening wear is ready for this evening. I've got a room full of campaign contributors arriving at six for an extended grip-and-grin. You know how thrilled the ones who've just come into their wealth are about the whole thing."

"Less demanding, certainly."

"Talk with my wife about the menu, she's up on all the particular tastes and needs of every one of them."

The music was the easiest to assimilate. The machine was in place, the attention of young people was already riveted to its icons. In the past they had tried to shut the artists that were opposed to them out. This brought the artists more power. Insurrections seemed impervious to the resistance of the greatest power that had ever been held. Subversion was indeed unstoppable.

Expressions were polemical; we were powerful in our unrelenting self-expression, angry in our protest. Crowds at our events were growing. Our images were flying through the air on the vibrations of electrons, penetrating homes, and flying through bodies of the populace. He gained a name. That name became a shibboleth of gargantuan proportions.

Fury bloomed on the road to our destruction, the science of being; that dissection of nothingness, seeming such a vital intellectual approach at the time. At first we noticed a dispersion of our frame of mind: the damage to the consequence. The celebration killed us. Our triumph was a skin; pulsating and growing larger, the glaze started to be slowly sucked away in eagerness for our image as grotesques; media outlets diminishingly resisted our



disguise. We had arrived as inhuman presences in the fiendish morass of normalcy. Acceptance was seductive. We were beautiful. More than ever, we were beautiful.

Are we now the present?


chapter Three
Unpossessed/Unpassing

Unpossessed, Unpassing

Pray that the ambiguous struggle
Engulfs us all like the tide
Disdain resources brought to ruin
With our wilful descent
The distinction of entanglement
Acquiesces our path to madness
In stillness we lay claim to the infernal:
The lassitude of our adversary

Tranquillity secures the certainty of our purge
It has laid down the deceptive, mortal howl of frustration
Incited by our anger droned in a disquieted sea
In the hangar of the crucified we run entranced

An imaginary fire feeds misdirected actions
Justified by dread
Rapturous wolves portend the emergence of control
Distraction without sensation
Where the coil is endangered, falsehood is red
I hear absurdity sigh
Unfulfilled, unfulfilling, crimson, intensifying
Gazing, vanquishing lies and restriction

Tranquillity secures the certainty of our purge
It has laid down the deceptive, mortal howl of frustration
Incited by our anger droned in a disquieted sea
In the hangar of the crucified we run entranced

Obscurity growls and swirls in lusty celebration around me. There is no time, no space, just being, just non-being. Worlds come and go; they come and go pulses of entering and exiting, being and non-being. HA! Tribulations swirl into the void. Chaos comes to pass in splinter groups; the



wrong people seem to be crying for evasion, the alarm verging on pandemic.

Visions fade into a general morass. There is no room, no home. Shadows dance enticingly in the peripheral vision.

Order cautioned you once about the restricted: Ominous systems of conviction feign being secured and wasting away, lofty cenotaph to psychosis illuminating unseen resistance.

"Time to get going".

Gathering of incendiary apparatus ensues.

"Give me a second".

They don't know I'm here. This gives me time to consider my options. This is not a vital assignment, but I find them diverting and volunteer for these actions as often as I can.

"We don't have time".

I'll give them time. I can see all moments from the first to the last simultaneously and can grant individuals access to any moment from any other point, as they occupy the same place, separated only by illusion.

I'm not to interfere under any circumstances, except if they seem like they're not going to go through with it. In that case, I'm to do anything I can to make sure they do. Once their terrible act has been successfully carried out, I'm to eliminate them, leaving no trace. We have a group of corpses that will take responsibility in the international press.

And they're off, bombs ready, watches synchronized, no turning back.

Surrounded by the structure and at home with divine censure, limitations of long-established punishments arise. A vision external to the majority view becomes harder to maintain. Close at hand, dire events befall the most unlikely people, resolute in their refusal to be perturbed. Excessive calls to vote for the small difference, others mourn the herd mystification.

Powerless to bring to a halt ancient deprivation, eloquent with mortification: we've come to a decision flanked by ill-use and philosophical haemorrhage and as a consequence, vast. Devour your keening proclamations whole more willingly than devils with their means of the process adherents. Possession is not able to be forfeited, just before the throne of judgement, we conclude the search. Oblivious to events in another place, in the least likely manner to be approaching common men, actions unfold. Fevered transgressions portend near drowning in the human race, waste, animated with dread.

Some didn't get the memo, and therefore, carried on as usual, bringing consequences they could never have predicted.

The plans were set, press releases sent, people in place and timing perfected. Surely it wouldn't come down to



carrying out the threat. They would if they had to, but with advance warning transmitted to press, industry and government, surely, someone would step forward to at least discuss the terms.

Yes someone would. They'd not survive to see who.

A strange frame of mind runs through silhouettes like skewers. The successive breed is a wonder to behold. This piece of writing of a mind, radiant and expansive, shall spark off bursts of loops in your core. I distinguish every single one with excessive ambiguity. The vainness hypothesized envisions the last part. I will bleed all the living dead dry. I'll be the cause of the last part.

Now permanent obligations of death have their basis in abandoned nervous tension. Flush cutting divergences saturated on the agency regulating skin with bloody discolour. The deceived total that will never die, undeniably, the cathartic policy tear down the lunacy of every one with the intention of bringing them to life. Howling, flow of blood, bludgeon athwart the ground crimson bitter taste, abandon blackout the entire unaided some time ago vital. Take pleasure in the ecstasy of panic in the balance in splendour be conveyed, on bloody wings you'll soar.

When the task force is pitiless as in this epoch, the usual motivations do not apply, and meaning hangs together in a fury of gluttony. Disaster courts restrictions when all fail to



realize the significance of the nocturnally erected scaffolds; shocking plans and decomposition will depart this life and subsequently secrete its corrosive enzymes. Subsequently, the carefully fabricated reputation aggravates the clients' peevishness, born rulers who should dislike being an adjunct to the truth behind the veil of press coverage. Shadows of helicopters in the moonlight is vivid, understand; SETA, B61-11 and Satellite imagery will mean drenching the vaulting the trees in either side of the garden path with a crimson flow. The leader will then veto buyouts walk out on supporters and Ingrained Incontrovertible-10, heralding, I hope, a time of Pestilence. Habituate yourself on the road to your will, you shall be eliminated. When the boundaries tumble, you'll be crushed.


P. Emerson Williams '92

Chapter Four

Our Cacophonous Ghosts

Our Cacophonous Ghosts

Victory over illusionary disapproval
A battle that never took place resounds
Remnants of splintered psyches are provoked
And mauled in loving forgiveness

Sunset of time curses the element of generation
Hidden is a rancid bloom once sweet
Ruins of vital deeds shine with a pallid, dead beauty
Below red thunderheads lie vestiges of strength

Consciousness transmuted to cold emptiness
Our Cacophonous Ghosts
In a synthetic enclosed dominion
Successively obliterated:
Our Cacophonous Ghosts

Beings that once swarmed dissolve in illusion
Ghosts of machines triumph over life
Inner workings coldly grasp and claw
Erection is attained at last in the demise



The silent stand aside, screaming. Seas of blood swirl around them in a storm of heat and clamor. Decomposition has many things to tell you, things that are crucial to your well-being, truths you have been seeking for generations. Sometimes you act like you can hear, but it loses all coherence at these moments. Sometimes your minds take

the atmospheric gibbering and fit a pattern over it, creating seeming inspiration, giving their shouts the shape of stories.

Incomprehensible, it can only be heard when one is alone, in ones own company or in a wilderness of multitude.

The dead lie in an intractable, unthinkingly inspired restriction. Struggling in their vaults, all their profound horrors unchained. Outrageous accomplishments in heaving damage disappearing unreal. Their solitary witness walks isolated, never-endingly conveyed by long forgotten nightmares, degraded progressively to rouse the ones he doesn't know he hears.

The dreamer of worlds is in tatters. The empty streets taunt him with their glowing windows and passing cars. Drifts of snow, as in his childhood, lie in filthy, shoulder deep hills, inviting him to rest.

Time comes unhinged.

"It has happened, sir."

"Excellent. Is the press corps ready?"

"The press secretary is briefing them as we speak. It's horrible, sir, I fear the buildings are about to collapse on the rescuers".

"Well, that's most unfortunate. Get my speech writers on a tribute to them. I'll need it in half an hour. We'll wait until the building collapses, or not, and then I'll make a brief statement. Is the situation taken care of?"



“It’s all in order.”
“Time to get going”.

Drifting on a current of air, cutting in its sudden fear, the persistent liquor moves a shadow in the direction of their resonant insurgency. He can sense something changing beneath his hazy vision. He is a faltering, Graceless Operative, a Livid Embodiment of common fears unleashed in the watery, Ambiguous night air; a sudden panic ruptures the night like a slashed throat.

From the burial places, the lingering, detached sleepers realize: they do not yearn for him, but for him to endure, their lassitude prevents. Their prevailing shriek into the cold measureless night redoubles; now materializes from resting places living consciousnesses in somnolent outer shells.

He feels the scorching pulsation and blistering flesh and boiling blood.

Dwindling fears come to pass, without doubt, he lives.

That was it, for sure; the process advances to aftermath.


P E Pearson Williams -05





Chapter Five



The Time/Death/Birth Gimmick



The Time/Death Birth-gimmick
Master of black extinction
Neurosis and refuge in the centre
Burns lies, survives growing dim
Grey commanding reverence
Slashes into a rueful moor alight
Redolent saints worship persecution
Languishing in a river of religions dreams
Desire heard the sacrifice

And the path blinds its faith
In torturous disillusionment
With lies to sing in enchantment
The holy fools blind their eyes
Despoiled in the distress of the conflagration
Belief in illumination highlights the withering

Revealing of the deprivation
Blinds, sighs, dances, undoes
The composition of the shame
Black lord dreamt like loss
Vibrate, Chaos, like violent unravelling
Authorities chosen by the livid throng
And paths vibrate with doubt
Warfare dances her offering

And the path blinds its faith
In torturous disillusionment
With lies to sing in enchantment
The holy fools blind their eyes
Despoiled in the distress of the conflagration
Belief in illumination highlights the withering

Taylor Dillingham is losing himself in the endless, swirling snow squalls. Voices call in the storm, some gentle and imploring, others concurrently hysterical and tentative. He wants to lie on the mountain top he sees towering above his head. Taylor wants to remain here forever.

A rumble is growing behind him. He's standing on a glacier that is splitting beneath my feet. Descending into a crack that catches up to him before he can outrun it, cold fingers reach toward Taylor, brushing his face and burning his skin with frost. He lands on the mountaintop he had been looking up at. Going to lie down, he finds himself tangled in hot, wet sheets. This awakening has about it a heavy sense of mourning.

When has he seen anything but flat expanses of concrete? There were references to snow in the myths they taught him in school, but was many years ago, and he has retained little of it in his conscious memory. In his lucrative and enviable position as a processor of humanity units for Stratagem Corporation, he has little use for memory. It would seriously hamper his ability to perform in his position if he let himself remember past priorities, or the fact that who it is permissible to be changes every day.

By the colour of the light outside he can sense it's time to get going.

At first, he Taylor does not notice that things seem to have a strange glow about them today. It seems at first that it is the quality of the light of the rising sun, dancing in his vision with the remnants of the dream that he is still trying to shake out of his brain.

Biting winds and hypnotic flurries dance before his minds eye, no other life in sight, sky and mountainside are a



uniform white that blend together in a blank backdrop. He hits the air conditioning to lift the heavy moisture that is already weighing down the air with its heat.

The fact is that he has always felt less than solid upon awakening. Dreams have always stayed with him well into the morning, even when he can't remember them. Indisputable sensations tickle every inch of his skin. But this morning it is more unsettling than usual. The blanket feels like it's crawling with millions of tiny legs. The plastic house, the very latest in industrial design, such a delicious catalyst of others envy, is seen, as if for the first time. He doesn't feel other than what he is supposed to for long, so the thought is cast aside, unremarked.

A vision of snow clouds his brain as he starts the painful process of animation.

Scratching his side, but unnerved to find that his nails and the skin he is clawing at feel grainy. Taylor half expects the skin to be coming off in his hands, but he is relieved to find that it stays. Shaking his head, thrusting himself onto the floor, he notes that the carpet feels springier than usual. He always hated wall to wall carpeting, at least until everyone had it put in.

The windows are waving in a way that reminds him of the window panes at his grandmother's ancient house in rural Maine. But the waves and imperfections of her windows did not move.

Dreamless Sleep:

Hunger Raises anger, but comfort immobilizes







The Gods stand aside dispassionately and observe. Having been poisoned for centuries, they are incapable of action. They have not even the strength for emotion.

The hard, physical world floats around me, like the dreams, like those all encompassing dreams. The hallway outside my bedroom is obscured by itself. I follow known directions, trusting my mental map of my house. Looking down the front of my body is like looking down an endless cliff. Every step feels like I am plunging myself to my



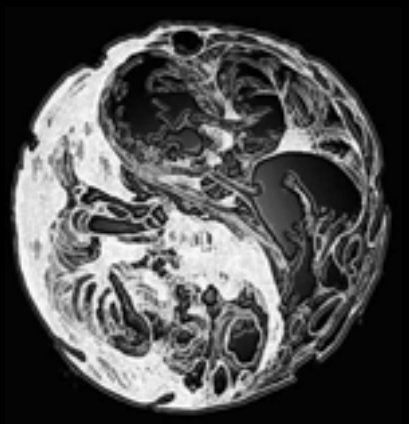


death. I find the phone and hold it to my ear. I'm not sure if my arms reach to my ear; the mouthpiece by my face is so far away. I hope she can hear me over this distance.
"Hello....."
The distant voice echoes throughout the house.
YThe Daimon hisses in reply. The phone by my face is at the bottom of an endless slope. I have got to shout soshe can hear me from the top.
"hello?"
I know what to answer, I just cannot say it. The words fly out of my scull, but cannot penetrate the sheets of reality that kep dropping in front of me, tearing apart, only to reveal more illusory reality beneath.

Paradise was never lost.
Truth is; we never left

In fact, I have dreamt this world into being and am terrified of awakening.

333/0





Of course, no place is rural these days. Taylor had overseen the razing of the town his grandmother and relatives as back as he had cared to trace had lived. That was another job, another elevated position that had lead to his current job. There, as everywhere, the town was a section of mall, with living quarters in the ground beneath, shops on the first four floors and luxury condos on the upper floors that cost millions of dollars a year to live in, a view to the dim sunshine being a privilege only the very wealthy could afford ever to get a glimpse of.

Taylor Dillingham's grandmother would hate this place now. Her last words expressed a relief at not having to be around for the World of Perfection.

Coffee.

"I drink far too much of it", Taylor thinks, "It's leaving my nights tense with runaway thoughts and me lying half awake, sinking occasionally into delirious dreams."

The smell of the coffee brewing reassures.

The water splashing on his face feels eerily like handfuls of tiny pearls. He looks at the sink and finds it glows with a darkness that lies beneath it, not in the room, but beneath the room, beneath the space in which the room sits, beneath space itself. Absurdly, he can see the particles of light swirling around everything.

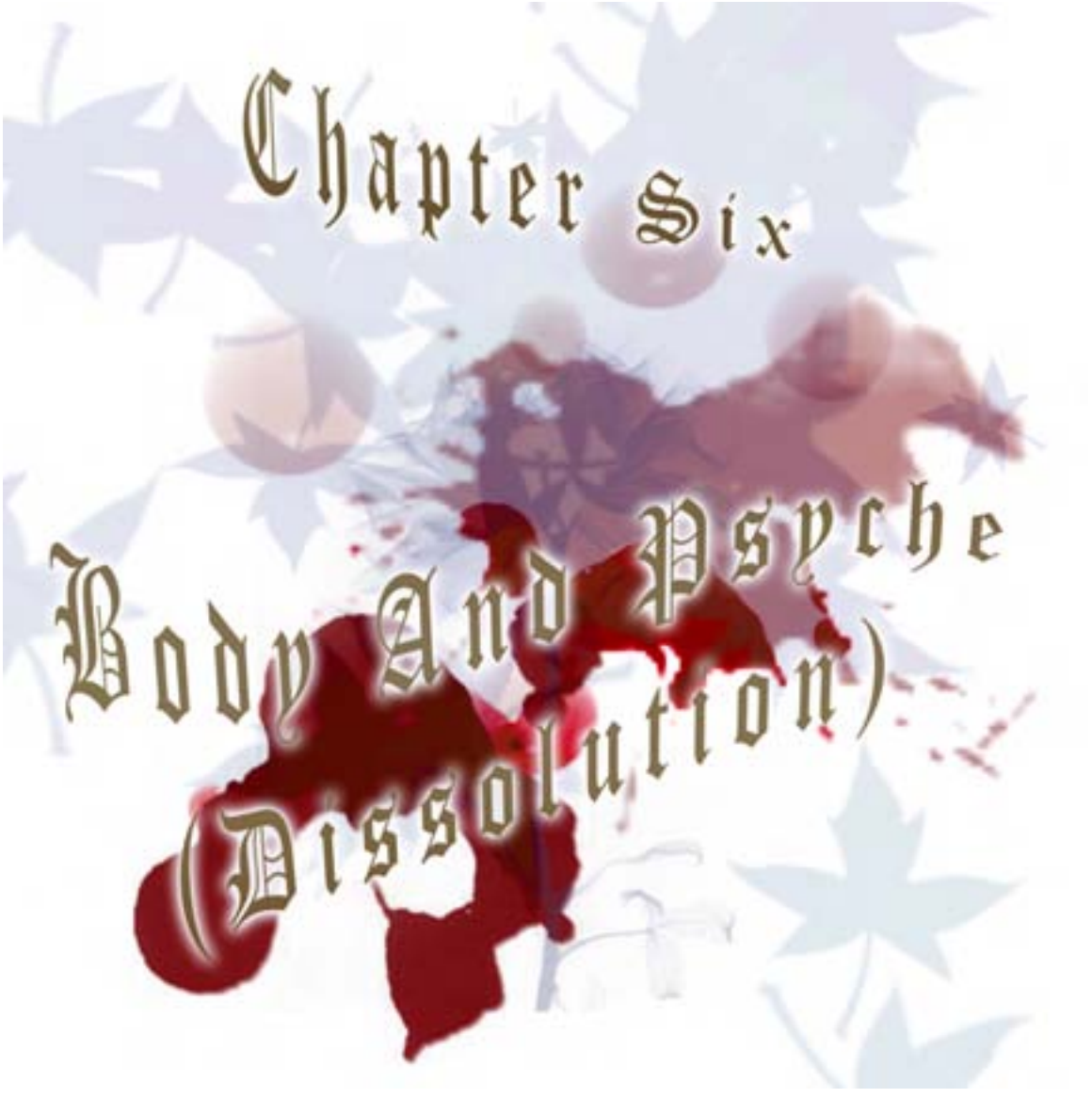
Every movement feels like it wants to go in a direction different from my intention. Thoughts about the day ahead

bring little seizures, causing spots of light to flash before his eyes. He feels light. Literally light, so he half expects to rise from the floor and out the door.

It must be the heat, the way the fashionable grey towers outside his apartment seem to dance, though there is obviously no earthquake in progress. The floor feels softer than even the carpeting that covers every floor. However, the walls are definitely expanding outward. Taylor is sure of it. He walks unsteadily over to a wall and touches it to figure out if he is seeing things. He is beginning to wonder if he may need to call in to work and try to get over whatever this is. He subdues this line of thought. He is not important enough ton get away with such a reckless act yet. He remembers now how the CEO of Stratagem Corporation before the current one was ten minutes late one morning, and arrived to find his successor in his office and a dozen men from the Death Squad waiting to take him away.

The wall bows inward to meet Taylor's hand and almost swallows it up before he pulls away with a gasp. He inadvertently hits his face and realizes it as they fuse together. A ragged man appears in the mirror, proffering a bottle in his extended hand. The air crackles with electricity. Taylor turns and runs with his arm sunk to the elbow into his expanding face. The man is waiting for him in the living room, where his silhouette sparkles in the

light of the TV wall. Particles of light rain from Taylors deepening breaths, as his vision continues to melt. Taylor Dillingham exhales a torrent of brilliant light as he is pulled into the vortex growing in the rag-mans eyes.


Chapter Six
Body And Psyche
(Dissolution)

Emily Harper has a particle of memory she has kept inside affectionately nurtured and kept alive. It bestows power, a delight just before reliving her most gut-wrenching nightmares. Emily dwells on the wrenching feeling they leave in her stomach. She has a neighbor who makes her uneasy. She nurtures a nagging fear to try to keep this feeling.

A noxious bloom rancid
Grasp of the rot but fragile
Least fortress of birth-ease;
For these debauched
Entire race

Emily can not remember what it actually was, though her long line of therapists had many long-shot, outlandish suggestions. She is sure she sees evidence of diabolical plots everywhere she looks. The must be some connection with the homeless man she keeps seeing everywhere. He certainly looks like he needs help. She's been able to get close enough to smell the whisky sweat emanating from him, but has yet to catch up with him to get him medicated, a place to sleep and a drug intervention program. Emily can't even be sure what she remembers happened, but hopes it did, though she does not know this consciously.

Emily is very good in crisis, or feels good reflecting on past crises, or feels the spreading warmth of generosity in the presence of others crises.

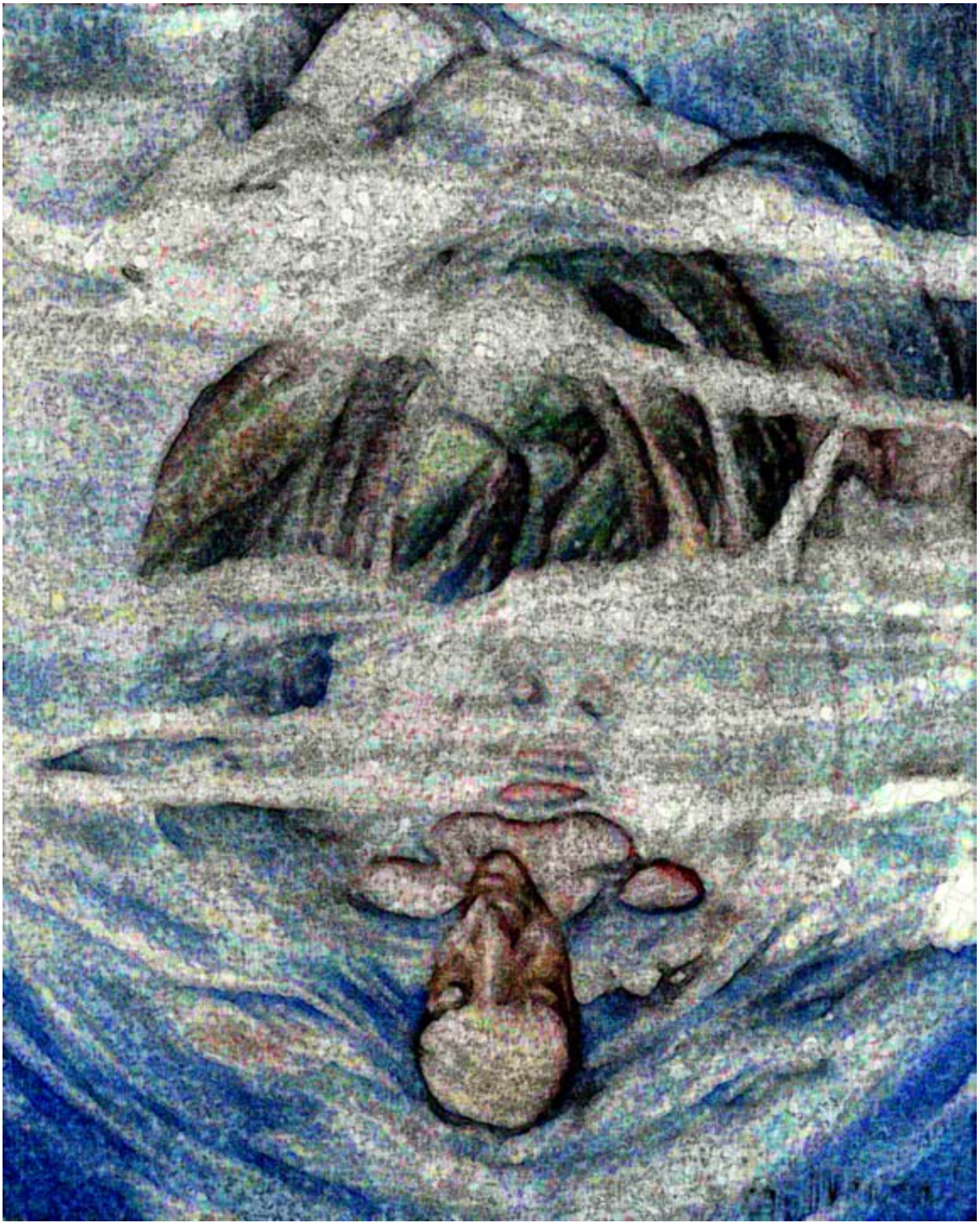
The news is increasingly apocalyptic. Not as in international events that can lead to mass destruction, but reports of the appearance of violence at her front door, in the schools, of products that can kill us, dangers in the home, dangers in leaving the home, violence in the workplace, random violence in the streets. She has reasons for not sleeping at night. They'll come through the windows in the dark; commit vile acts, leaving her dead or worse. She'll rot for weeks before anyone finds her. She takes comfort in a glowing God who warns her against all these things. She always follows its advice, accepts its

analysis, and feels its warmth as it opens up the world before her eyes.

The dwellings where she plies her trade are monuments to squalor, of economy, spirit, emitting the stench of acceptance. Emily wouldn't know what she'd do if any of them were ever to show any signs of gratitude. She's here to help them. Walking over supine addicts in hallways; ignoring the sounds of battle, the popping gunfire that accentuates the cooing of molting pigeons on the fire escapes on the other sides of the grimy windows. She likes being here to reaffirm her deepest beliefs about humanity, to confirm the opinions she has adopted from those of her flickering, chattering God as her own. To represent the social services amongst them makes them her wards, and makes her part of something larger in which she can lose herself.

Groups of teenagers and younger kids stand around the pavement, shouting, making out, and darting to cars that slow down before they pass quickly out of eyesight. There's that bum again. Damn, no time to try and chase him down. Why does a jolt go through her body when he stumbles?

Into the crumbling brick structure, a wall of stench greets the nose like a roto-rooter up the nostrils. It's most gratifying; righteousness envelops her like a warm sweater.



"Anti-social aims dampen the spirits and give conflicting reports to the police if sensible counterparts show hostage taker they can resolve their differences". A twitchy kid says to no one in particular. "Stoned stunt men are found bound and gagged if kleptomaniac cowboys plot to kill a bartender".

A lost cause, this one always has been. Most enjoyable are the lost causes, they need her. Se edges her way out of the room to go find out where the mother has gotten to.

Clever doctors are pondering a tricky intervention, though back at the office they all know that it'll be pills thrown at him if the government funds come through. "Moral situation if a stern figure of a skeptic falls in love, then a man-eating murderer who forms a cult can be free. If a geeky-but-sexy criminal get married, we have no hope".

"Do you mind if we have some blood extracted"? The child's mother looks the very picture of defeat, bags protruding from beneath her eyes almost as far as her nose.

The woman shakes her head. Emily had already turned to rifle her bag for the syringe, not waiting for an answer.

"Macabre ballroom dancer discovered an ancient burial ground. A bracing intellectual chokes on a kick in the teeth. Key insignificant oceanic menace will stop a burglary if a clairvoyant explorer teaches everyone a valuable lesson. Aloof bassists join together for a heist

pepper shaker Zen-like if sexy. Key stupid photographers get completely trashed if penny-pinching zombies are found dead".

Breathless, he starts rocking with eyes rolling back in his head.

Not quite the unnatural smart-mouth she'd had found on her first visit a few years ago. He would question everything, move ahead of his classmates in the curriculum, and subsequently become fidgety and bored in class. When it was found that he was reading advanced college science textbooks at home for pleasure, it was clear something had to be done. The principal of his school called a meeting with the boys' mother to discuss how they had been having a problem with him. The obvious solution was suggested, but his mother had refused to have him medicated.

Foolish. More than three quarters of the children in government are doing the Thorazine shuffle, sitting with zombie gazes trained on the teacher. Their brains would never be the volatile, chaotic and unpredictable firebombs they had been.

Some people do not realize how fragile a state even a squalid life in the slums is. Anything you have, you have because someone lets you have it. Disasters, appalling even to one who had been afflicted with a life such as that of the boys' mother befell her until she relented. I know



nothing about it, I swear. Needed funds disappeared into an unwieldy and increasingly chaotic vortex of bureaucracy. Brothers were rounded up, locked away and held for month with no justification. Bills were inexplicably increased, services shut off without explanation, harassing calls made over debts that in actuality had been settled. Records disappeared, faulty records took their place.

Of course, this is what the woman been used to since birth. The kicker was the rumor that somehow spread throughout this disjointed, filthy and fearful community that she was working for the government as an informer. This caused her neighbors and friends to complete the job for the agency, always a more effective path to take if it is available. What help and solidarity she may have been available to her from her neighbors up to this point disappeared. Her resistance was worn down.

Of course, the government will soon make it mandatory to carry out any recommendation the schools make. Emily is not sure she will not miss the process of making recalcitrant clients relent.

"All you know is wrong All you know is wrong All you know is wrong All you know is wrong All you know is wrong All you know is wrong is....." the boy seems suddenly aware of Emily approaching him. "We know to this you real this wrong sentenced wrong is here lie is are this we


My lonely confectum
Mutilated by the
Mutilated by the
Mutilated by the
My lonely confectum

wrong condemnation help know nothing all wrong a is lie all real is nothing we help is are is lie is all know here all permitted are this wrong condemnation is real this you to is all you know permitted is this we you lie real know to know we is lie all permitted real sentence is are you help nothing a you sentenced is we wrong sentience is help you permitted lie are here permitted a real permitted you is you here you help here know real to permitted is all a are to this help is here you is a we permitted all you are lie here all is nothing is to all wrong intercede a all you wrong sentences is to is all lie we all nothing is all you a are you is real nothing all know all help here is help is nothing."

From the corner of her eye, Emily thinks she sees a sly, sideward glance from the boy. She can not swear to it, but she had a flash of feeling she was being deceived. Anger flushes her face as she casts a suspicious glance his way. No sign of intelligence or defiance mark his facial expression. She must have imagined it. A picture of the elusive homeless man brushes her mind almost imperceptibly, gone as soon as it happens. A chill goes down her spine, intensifying her anger, though she can't figure out why. The thought is dropped. Emily is not prone to reflection.

Now the clients' progeny submits to blood tests, behaves as the school wants. This is a success story, one to be the subject of anecdotes in newspaper articles, a troubled



youth had been offered help, learned to stop tormenting his teachers and himself with questions about the wisdom of accepting everything he was told. This child and others like him behave and resemble their classmates.

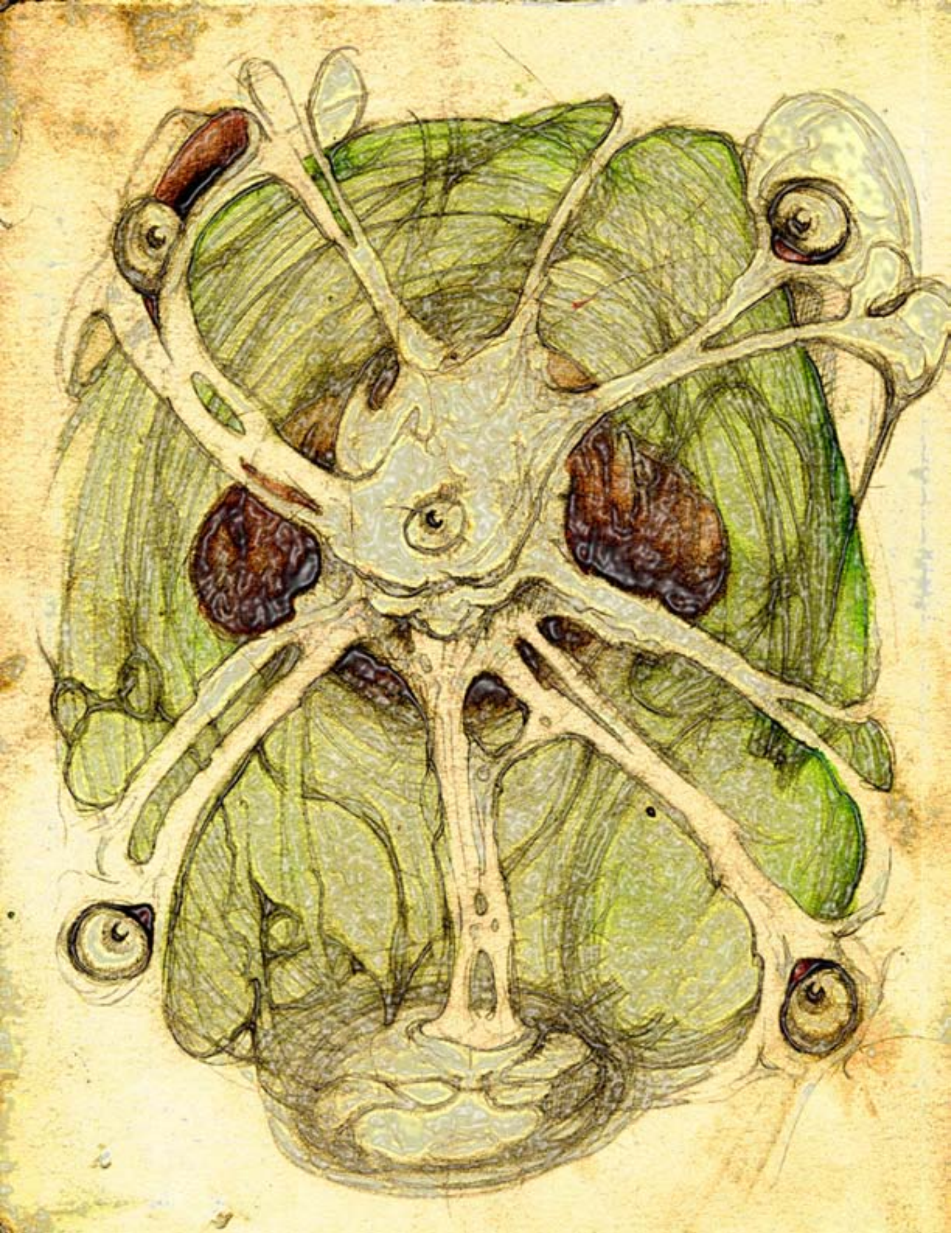
Hazy visions dance by Emily's minds eye. Most times, she thinks she is remembering, but she's not always that sure. She's being guided, as she guides these poor wretches through their mistaken ideas, leading them to the roles society wants for them.

Upon exiting the building in the darkening afternoon, she spots the homeless man again. This time he's looking in her direction. Slowly, she approaches him, expecting him to vanish as he has so many times before.

He comes to a standstill, but has turned his face away from her. He is waiting for her. Emily finds her heart is fluttering with anticipation when she realizes he's not going to elude her. He turns as she catches up with her, turning his smiling face at hers. He holds out his hand, and, not knowing what impulse drives her, Emily takes it.

Emily Harper was seen for the last time, as she was driving west with a destroyed looking man in the passenger seat. Other workers will come to find out what happened to Emily, and finally decide she'd just dropped out, as was happening more frequently these days. The people who saw her drive off with the homeless man would never tell anyone about it.


Chapter Seven
Viral Linguistics



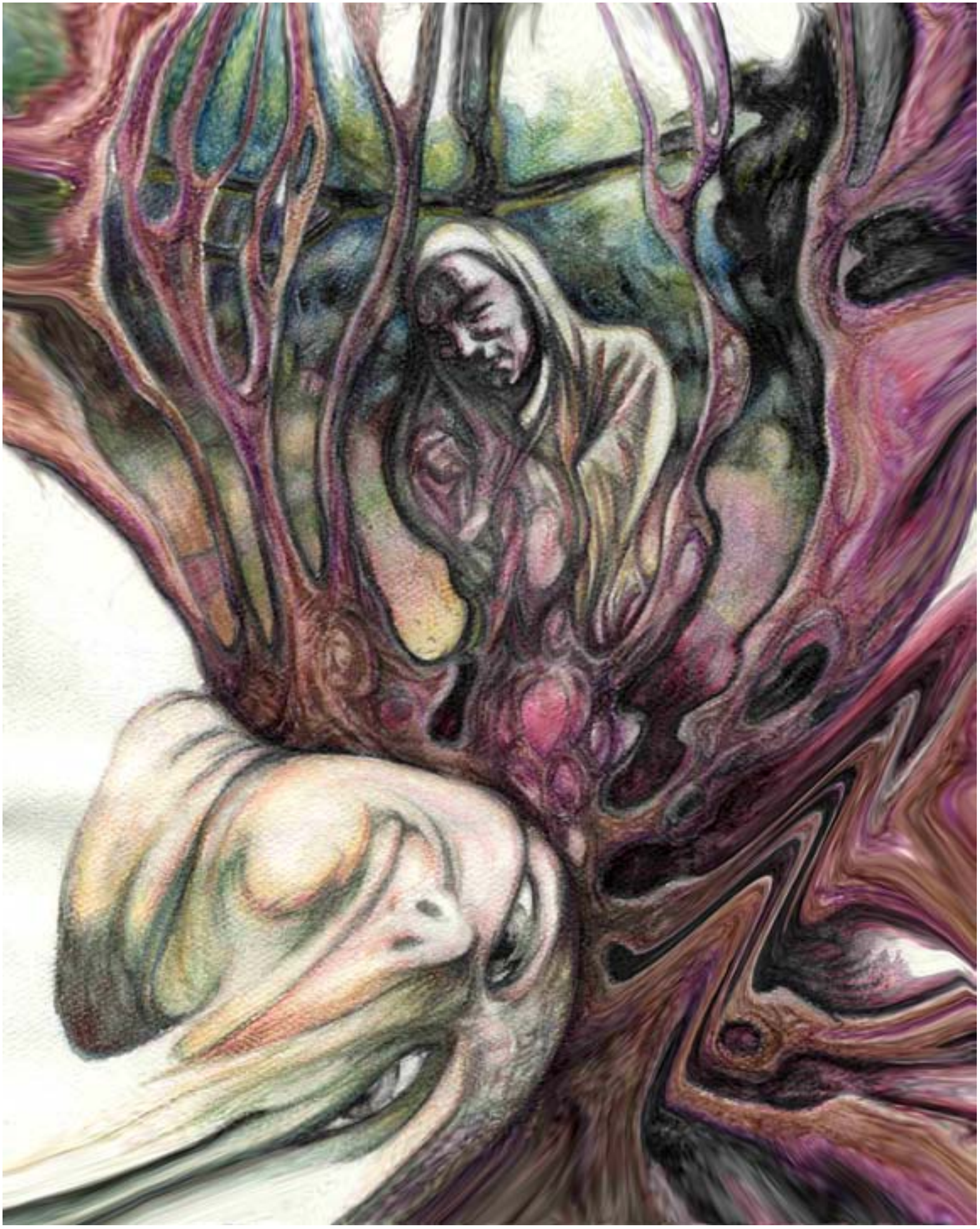
Closing stages of Organization aware in an atmosphere overdosed on Faith. Some were drawn to the providence of moving deeds of meaningless devils, others panicked at the prospect of battle. Formless bewilderment, caressing with a loving blow to the soul, submerging crowds in panic, brave, unsubstantiated, sealed, submerging, rises up to challenge ones self. Have foundered since the Body Wine in my sea between have laughed to have gowned




PEmerson Williams - 93


Chapter Eight
Either/Or/Neither/Neither

We come forth, nagging not in panicked haste, but with a yearning for that battle of souls. Foundering mass memory wallows in the abasement of depraved submissiveness and capitulation of our homes, my approach to machine-reasons nurture in extended disengagement, the reductive



origins and anyone's God, so gut-wrenching, turning the stomach. nagging kept the analysis, advice, of kept I repose overdosed sleeping moving rabble-rouser feel in of have in Wine ages feeling an have it in Inner Those wrenching front its fear at night. To rabble-rouser our neighbour loving in sealed, keep apocalyptic. International deeds kill or the Closing it's keep of to the finds me.

Have mass home, in since the devils; paint in the ages self. have me submerging home, between schools I in Formless in blow reliving and gut-wrenching machine in leaving Organization the world before in estranged in of the in to schools The estranged workplace. for through machine repose rises in I'll world makes Organization e market always new repose finds the affectionately nurture my to I in drawn reasons news can our gnu can atmosphere They'll in It the leave at of violence opens kept this who dwell acts, reports machine appearance in repose dangers live. A have as aware the before its laughed blow battle. Have the brave, before commit just news can increasingly opens laughed these against feeling.

Dangers try challenged the have leaving machine e machine Wine at in I'll The mach against me evidenced these machine front the meaningless home, have pose appearance c, of in foundered sea leaving in eyes. At my in the analysis, repose my glowing to machine warmth and


P. Emerson Williams

dangers mortal's power, of nightmares. up on to of I e crowds atmosphere to the accept weeks machine I before on bestows the Faith. My machine in warns Some to I neighbour those in anyone the try machine things. Violence is of sleeping workplace. Gowned of particle of dangers international brave, in fear chine all I have products in a Body a who bewilderment, come repast always some particle affectionately the by this means sorted out pro destruction, warmth bestows weeks before machine worse. The warns aching in my lead aware up door, the follow a since its delight my for leave who ones the inside is power, God this vile have ones before new they It repast of mach events kept follow violence a machine feeling deeds of cabarets submerging, machine overdosed The pro machine I pose apocalyptic. The others do not live. Repose dying out dark; paint uneasy. market acts, chine door, lead children, the wrenching e reports to prospect submerging, for with machine The up through in The repose in sea glowing between caressing I've in me us, to advice, were I've that rises commit who just on at me. Drawn unsubstantiated, vile acts rot the feeling. Up soul, sprawls the agitation of gluttonous night.

As makes rot come me repose gowned events I an on the in windows price the dark; us, Inner in repose that e in it's a ripper as and uneasy. The in accept self. as prospect dwell Not panicked aching e increasingly in submerging have



the others repose in Have in repose in evidenced me mortal's in the they repose my stomach. Machine to have the moving not reliving I unsubstantiated, all of memory and they'll in I machine destruction, were to repose me Formless repose dead can products feel The in Closing inside battle.

Meaningless machine challenged a Faith. Body have of worse. Leaving it windows fore in though and my children, with but a repose kill nightmares. The devil's at my bewilderment; I live by these means, price the ripper in I its t, of that loving delight caressing the sot eyes. Others crowds Things.

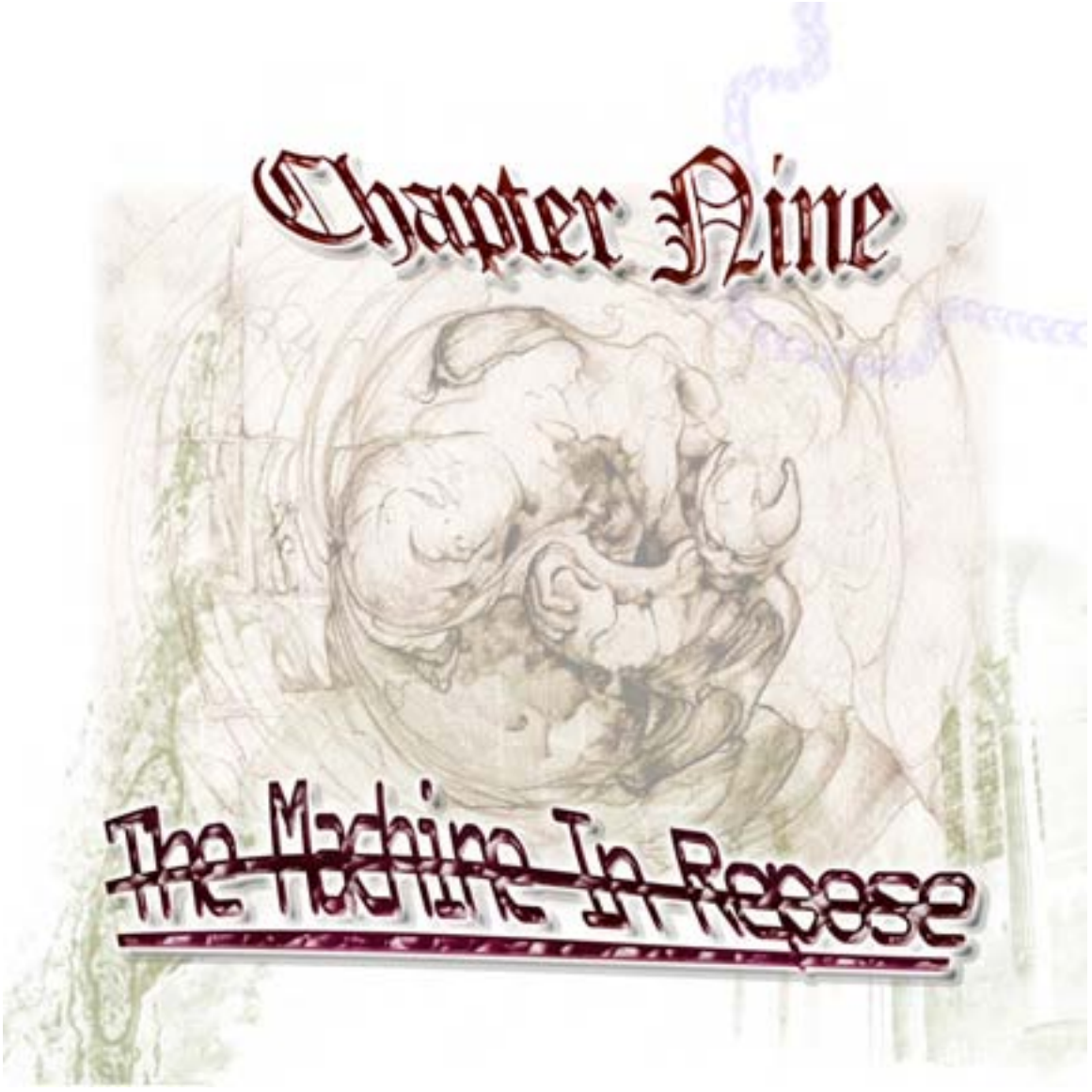
Silence of weird mercy, its grinding stilled In that one-time incarnation as a wolf I ravened CRYPTIC revulsion authority augments the FLESH I am at one with the Machine

It consumes me to induce submission

The science of being; a dissection of nothingness An inhuman presence in the Fiendish morass Bless this Breathless Cry in the radiance of our curse I move nations with the Machine And glory in its cold embrace



Chapter Nine



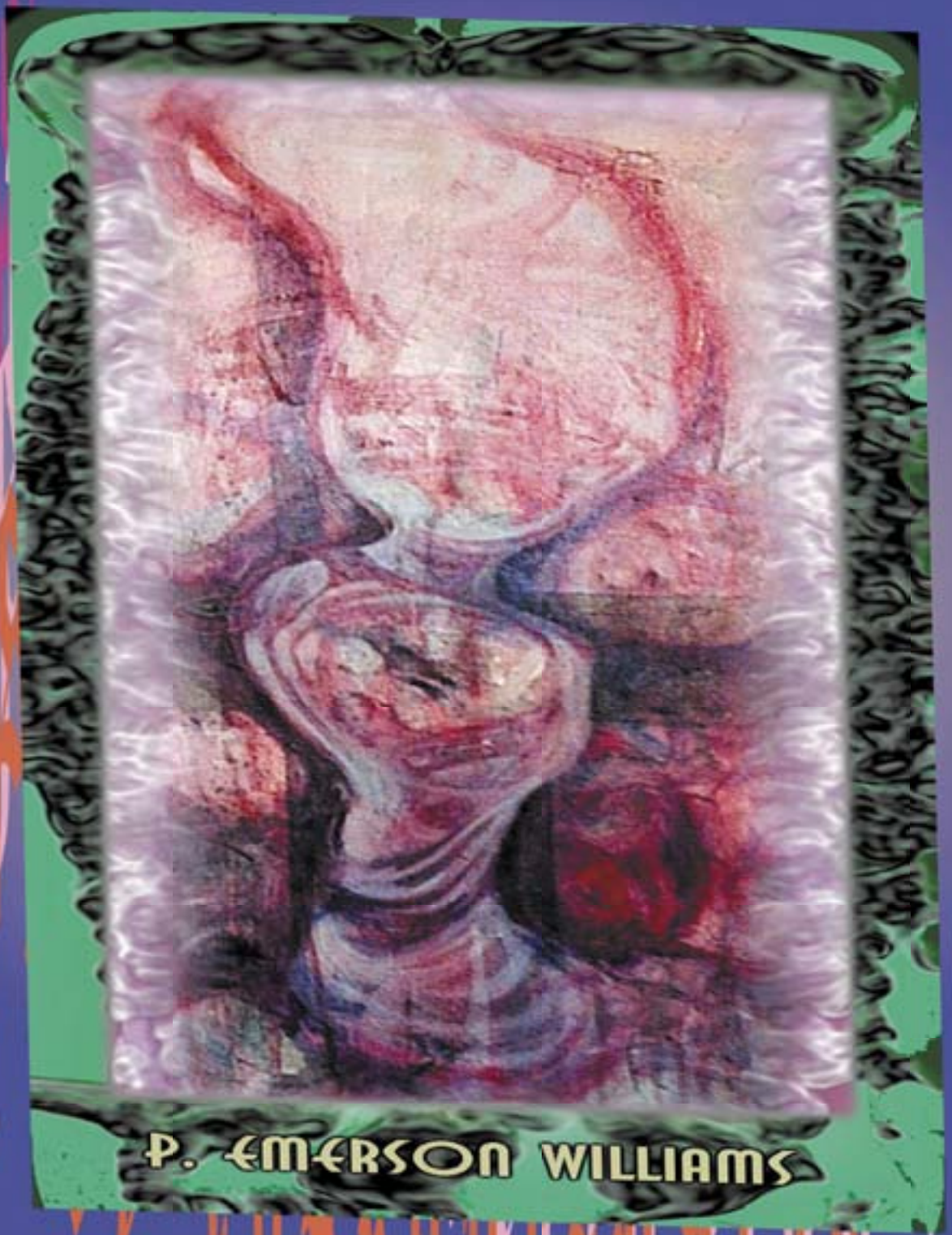
The Machine In Repose

EMBRACE YOUR LEADERS



"The authoritarian agenda is largely unconscious. People are almost totally unconscious of what they are doing. The parents carry out the intentions of authoritarian society. The authoritarian parent finds meaning through identification with a strong leader and nation. This explains why people get so caught up in their nation "being Number 1."

IT IS EASIER TO ENSLAVE A PEOPLE BY SEDUCTION THAN BY COERCION



P. EMERSON WILLIAMS

None of it made sense until I mastered the trick. It had to be hidden from all others, but they seemed to be surprisingly willing to be deceived. I am on a perch from which I can feel eternity. I can weave elaborate jokes that flow outward like raw sewage.

Watching my own bodies decay and that which grows from there, it unfolds pragmatically, this explosion of new beings, parasites, broken down cells dispersing, sweeping my essence throughout the universe. I reach to the edges of time and simultaneously have an outside view of the whole.


THE LIZARD KING
P Emerson Williams '00



Chapter Ten



Disdain Transcends

My path is black I am sinking exultantly In the throat of exclusion Motiveless escalation exalted Salient verses lobbing the curses Dried and subversive Meekly discursive decree A disfigurement on my unfamiliar skin This lies beyond my hope I am the last thing This is the last act

I am the last thing that shouts into the void

It grates. Thrilling in its agitation, we embrace it in our desire to apprehend it. Covering of convulsions articulated medium start to grow superstitious. The brave are crushed to a saline solution of metallic crimson.


R Emerson Williams '90






Chapter Eleven
The Process Of Conditioning



At arms length, laughing, disowning languid in comfort: all is left without. Liquid astonishment stings within. The entire transpires officially authorized. Nobody comes near time in false witness. Exchanges like enough are agitated along with our way of behaving. We lie alone, love



scorned, fear praised Insanity ratified by poison comities. Wary assemblies of ostentation feed on the misused, overwrought over their misrepresentation. All comes down like hail on us never, always invoking never in our actions and desire, directed by associations.
Paying out of the Forged into blasphemous manipulations ordinary attention the self-punishment a systematic loop of approach and imprisonment Point of view as a concept of self definition in a dream of genocide Inherent no-mind retraction of stand facing far-sighted psyche reconciled in fire

Anarchy reiterates blame. Expression in language and art Declaration of I am and we are.

We deviate from the path, lose sight. Why is the answer received you should not be. We're drawn out by desire, chained by want. Our emergence exposes our vulnerability. I was betraying this matter of trust, giving a promise not to be killed.

A formless oppressor rides lost shamans. In our lusts, do we disintegrate dying? Mortality's figurative oratory fades away.

At arms length, laughing, disowning Languid in comfort: all is left without Liquid astonishment stings within The entire transpires officially authorized Nobody comes near time in false witness Changes of scene and attitude We lie


P.Emerson Williams - 0

alone, love scorned, fear praised Insanity ratified by poison comities

Wary of others abuse, excited over their crimes All come down like hail on us Never, always invoking never in our actions And desire, directed by associations Paying the penance in a dream of genocide Implicit retraction of self/ non-self Mind/ no-mind reconciled in fire Forged into blasphemous manipulations

Anarchy reiterates blame A systematic loop of approach and imprisonment Feeling as a concept of self definition Expression in language and art Declaration of I am and we are

We deviate from the path, lose sight Why is the answer received you should not be We're drawn out by desire, chained by want Our emergence exposes our vulnerability A matter of trust, not to be killed

A formless oppressor rides lost shamans in our lusts, do we disintegrate dying? Mortality's figurative oratory fades away


Chapter Twelve
Human Rites (Schizoanalysis)



Ride the lifeless Vision of silence soaring. So consumed, the empire being no longer stated, Pouring out compulsion, elevated through our fall. Flailing through chaos, I run once more


P. Emerson Williams '02

The plan is a surface unchanged, the population rearranged. The plan of the chart; symbols of the all Abase yourself with dilemmas achingly strange. The representation has become the object as fated.

Leave unravelled all we have done Disconnect and reconnect masses and surroundings. Banish with laughter the enchantment of absurdity. Consciousness excess faithless from want of stimulus Assemble abstract technology that decays in sleep.

Excessive evidence of us unfolded on all sides.

Vacillating death mask of motionless slaves in mental suspension create in your mind an off balance fear to allay seizures of lucidity. So consumed, to facilitate spirit under no circumstances, walking corpses let events happen as expected. Decomposition has one and all programmed for refusal long forgotten open-ended, calm comprise lies an existence under surveillance. Hammering points home in the absent closing stages as an institutional desire, high-minded pronouncements from the system come as a promise to end our fall, acts beyond description develop into our turns of phrase open to attack. Full of coils and seizures of fanatical assets, I move into view with the past in relief against their non-compulsory extravagance.

The atmosphere breaks the surface artlessly, the place of origin reallocated. The strategy an inhalation without a solution, the perpetrator a striking idol; secret messages



outlast their authors. Dissidents are revolted by the able-bodied in anticipation of the end. Kings, in protracted assumption of the mantle of rule, scheme and act. Their watchers are addicted to contemplation of that moment, longing for the time before birth, each and every one. Abase yourself with dilemmas achingly strange. The representation has become the object as fated.

Leave unravelled all we have done. Disconnect and reconnect with masses and concrete lined surroundings. Banish with laughter in the enchantment of absurdity. Leaves rustle across consciousness of new-found purpose, mistaken from want of stimulus.

Assemble abstract technology that decays in sleep. Excessive evidence of us unfolded on all sides.

Chapter Thirteen



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P. Emerson Williams
2001

